

The first part of the contention of the two famous

For as the sucking child or harmlesse lamb,
So is he innocent of treason to our state.

Enter Suffolke.

How now Suffolke, where's our vnckle?

Suff. Dead in his bed, my Lord, Gloster is dead.

The King falls in a swoone.

Queene Ayme, the King is dead: help, help, my lords.

Suff. Comfort my Lord, gracious Henry, comfort.

King What doth my Lord of Suffolke bid me comfort?

Came he euen now to sing a Rauens note,
And thinkes he that the cherping of a Wren,
By crying comfort through a hollow voice,
Can satisfie my griefes, or ease my heart?
Thou balefull messenger, out of my sight,
For euen in thy eie-balls murther sits,
Yet do not go: come Basaliske
And kill the feely gazer with thy lookes.

Queene Why do you rate my lord of Suffolke thus,
As if that he had caused Duke Humphreys death?
The Duke and I too, you know were enemies,
And you had best say that I did murther him.

King Ah woe is me, for wretched Glosters death.

Queene Be woe for me, more wretched then he was,
What dost thou turne away and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leaper, looke on me,
Was I for this nie wrackt vpon the sea?
And thrice by aukward winds driuen backe from Englands
What might it bode but that well foretelling (bounds,
Winds said, seeke not a scorpions nest.

Enter the Earles of Warwicke and Salisbury.

War. My lord, the Commons like an angry hiue of bees,
Run vp and downe, caring not whom they sting,
For good Humphreys death, whom they report
To be murdered by Suffolke and the Cardinal here.

King That he is dead (good Warwicke) is too true,
But how he died, God knowes, not Henry.

War. Enter his priuy chamber my lord, and view the body.
Good

houses, of Torke and

Good father stay you with the rude
Salsb. I will sonne.

Warwicke draves the curtain

Humphrey in h

King Ah vnckle Gloster, heauen
Farewell poore Henries ioy, now th

War. Now by his soule, that too
To free ys from his fathers dreadful
I am resolu'd that violent hands were
Vpon the life of this famous Duke.

Suff. A dreadfull oath sworne w
What instance giues Lord Warwic

War. Oft haue I seene a timely
Of ashie semblance, pale and bloud
But loe, the bloud is settled in the face
More better coloured, then when h
His well proportioned beard made
His fingers spread abroad as one th
Yet was by strength surprisde, the le
It cannot chuse but he was murther

Queene Suffolke and the Cardi
And they I trust fir, are no murther

War. Yea, but twas well known
And tis well seene he found some e

Card. But haue you no greater p

War. Who sees a heifer dead an
And sees hard by a butcher with an
But wil suspect twas he that made th
Who finds the partridge in the putte
But will imagine how the bird came
Although the Kite soare with vnble
Euen so suspitious is this Tragedie.

Queene Are you the Kite Bewf
Is Suffolke the butcher, where's his

Suff. I weare no Knife to slaugh
But heres a vengefull sword rusted
That shall be scoured in his rancore

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